Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
Yorke. Henry of Lancaſter reſigne thy Crowne.
What mutter you? Or what conſpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
Enter Soldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with thy vſurping blood.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake:
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.
Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
King. Conuey the ſouldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your ſon?
War. VVhat good is this for England and himſelfe?
North. Baſe, fearfull, and deſpairing Henry.
Clif. How haſt thou wronged both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Clif. Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene. *Exit.*
North. Be thou a prey vnto the houſe of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede. *Exit*
Clif. In dreadfull war mayſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and deſpiſd. *Exit.*
Exet. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my Lord.
King. Ah Exeter?
War. VVhy ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
King. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my ſonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,
That heere thou take an oath,
To ceaſe theſe ciuill broyles, and whilſt I liue
To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War.

War. Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace
King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward ſonn
Yorke. Now Yorke and Lancaſter are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes
Sound Trumpets.
Yorke. My Lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Caſtle.
Exit Yorke with his ſonne.
War. And ile keepe London with my ſouldiors.
Norf. And ile to Norfolke with my followers.
Mont. and I to the ſea from whence I came.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.
Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile ſteale
King. And ſo will I.
Queene. Nay ſtay, or elſe Ile follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile ſtay.
Queen. What patience can there be? ah timerous m
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
and giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*.
art thou a King, and wilt be for'cſt to yeeld?
Had I bene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow ſeas: and thinkſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament
Be recald, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*.
The Northerne Lords that haue forſworne thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread,
and ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come ſonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me ſpeake.
Qu. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already, therefore be
King. Gentle ſonne *Edward*, wilt thou ſtay with me?
Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies.